

Cold Sores and Fever Blisters

are only outward manifestations of the inflammation of the mucous surface that lines the lungs, the stomach and all the digestive tract, but they give you evidence of how sore a membrane may become as a result of inflammation, which is stagnation of the blood, rightfully called acute catarrh.

If you suffer from such conditions don't let them become chronic, don't run the risk of systemic catarrh.

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When your system is cleared of all its poisons, the membranes soothed and healed, the cold gone and your digestion restored, you will enjoy life, feel equal to all its tasks, and be at peace with the world. Let Peruna do for you what it did for this sufferer:

Mrs. L. A. Patterson, 238 Utah Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. says:

"I have been a friend of Peruna for many years. I have used it off and on for catarrhal conditions and found it a very excellent remedy. I have a small family of children. Times are hard with us, but I can scarcely afford to do without Peruna, especially during the season of the year when coughs and colds are prevalent. We always recommend Peruna to our neighbors, for the benefit it has been to us."

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The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

The Test

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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When Wayne Talcott announced to his Uncle Hiram Lee that he was going to marry pretty Vera Daggett, and go to the city to get a position and start in with no capital except hope, ambition and mutual love, the old man scoffed.

"Take your own course, independent of me," remarked Mr. Lee tersely. "I'll not encourage a nephew of mine to marry on nothing, nor a young chit of a girl, who has not got beyond the stage of impractical dreams and extravagant ideas."

"But, uncle," remonstrated Wayne. "Not a word! You have my ultimatum."

And forthwith Wayne eloped with Vera and they settled down to wedded life in one room in the city. A month went by; no work, their little capital was exhausted. Wayne wrote to his uncle asking his indulgence. A terse response was awarded: "I have given my instructions to my lawyer, Richard Dawes, Union building."

To Richard Dawes, Union building, Wayne rather dubiously vended his way. The attorney greeted him civilly, but definitely.

"You have been unfortunate enough to incur your uncle's displeasure," he said. "He has authorized me to make you a proposition."

"He is very good," declared Wayne humbly, but hopefully.

"Mr. Lee," proceeded the lawyer, "has a small farm which he took for



"And You Wrote Wayne to Come Home, Did You?"

a debt in New Mexico. It has a livable house and farming tools. He wishes you to go there for a year. At the end of that time he will buy your crop at a liberal figure, and, if you develop the spirit of industry, will do something more substantial for you."

"It's a rather dreary prospect, dear," Wayne said to Vera, "after all of our golden dreams."

"Why not try and make it sunny?" suggested Vera in her bright, buoyant way, although the tears were struggling for expression. "I see nothing dismal in having a little farm among the flowers, and the trees, and the birds. Oh, dear, no!"

And the alkali! Ah, there was the rub! Had Uncle Hiram known? Was he seeking revenge, or testing their patience and endurance to the limit? Except for a broken-down house and the fences around the arid ten-acre tract, the prospect was desert-like. Vera cried in secret and Wayne looked older, for a grim, set look had come upon his face, expressing a sort of dumb desperation, but determination as well.

It was wonderful, however, how Vera adapted herself to circumstances. She accepted the hardships with a smile, she dismissed them with a laugh. She became a veritable expert housewife. She helped in the hardest tasks. All her former frivolity and pettishness was gone. She made of the rudest fare a luxury.

Mr. Lee had sent to the nearest bank money to be used for farm equipment and supplies, but not a dollar for sustenance and clothes. The exiled but happy twain had to provide for that, and right cheerily they did it.

Almost a year to a day Hiram Lee was seated in his comfortable library, facing his lawyer. The latter had just read a report furnished by an emissary in the West. It showed that all along Uncle Hiram had kept very close tabs on the poor castaways.

"And you wrote Wayne to come home, did you?" inquired Mr. Lee, and his face showed actual expectancy and pleasure.

"Yes, they will be here next Monday."

"Good!" nodded Mr. Lee with unction. "And you have attended to other details I directed?"

"Entirely," replied the lawyer.

"Better still!" quite chirped Mr. Lee, and he smiled all over his face. "My system has worked, it seems," he chuckled. "I'm proud of its success, for it has made a man of Wayne and a loyal, sensible little woman of Vera."

When Wayne and Vera arrived at

his home town an automobile met them at the depot. Wayne was dubious, Vera anxious over the probable greeting of Uncle Hiram, for his impulses and mysterious ways were likely to take any whimsical turn. Their minds were set completely at rest, however, when they were ushered into the parlor of the Lee palatial home.

The best room in the house was awarded them, a regal meal, smiles, even jollity from Uncle Hiram. Then, seated in the capacious drawing room, he opened the ball.

"Well, nephew," he observed brightly, "let's get to business. I offered to buy your crop."

"Yes, sir," promptly answered Wayne, "and I have brought it with me."

"You've what?" demanded Mr. Lee in a startled tone.

"I've brought the crop along with me. It's in that big carpet bag in the hall. I'll go and fetch it."

Uncle Hiram's eyes dilated as Wayne was gone for a moment, returned, and opened the carpetbag. From it he produced, a shrunken, crackled, diminutive squash.

"What's that?" snapped Mr. Lee.

"The crop. All there is to it, absolutely. I'd better explain, I guess," smiled Wayne. "You see, we planted lots of stuff. With the exception of some quick-growing vegetables, the sun and the alkali burned up everything. When the season was over, all that was spared was this, our crop."

"But how did you manage to live?" asked Uncle Hiram in a self-condemnatory way.

"Well, I worked evenings shaving the miners down at their camp," explained Wayne.

"My nephew a barber!" growled the shocked Mr. Lee.

"And I washed their clothes," added Vera, and she showed her pretty brown hands with pride.

"A relative of mine a washerwoman!" growled Uncle Hiram. "You dear!" and he kissed the pretty brown hands in question in turn. "I'm going to confess," he added. "Young lady, I have misjudged you, but, as it has turned out, that wasn't a bad start. Just after you became engaged to Wayne I heard a conversation you held with a girl friend, who repeated it. The lay-out you had for your high social life after marriage was dazzling. It convinced me that you were a thoughtless, extravagant—"

"Here! Here!" challenged Wayne uproariously.

"Wait till the last installment, young man, and see how it all worked out. When you two eloped, I saw that if you didn't start out right you'd run into a switch. Now, then, you showed sense, you made good. I'm proud of my beautiful and dutiful niece-in-law, and—I say, my dear, it was a bungalow you planned out so gayly, wasn't it?"

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, that was just a foolish girl's fond dream!"

"Visions come true," pronounced Mr. Lee oracularly. "There was a white pergola, and a screened porch, and—oh, you opulent dreamer!—an automobile!"

"You'll make her cry if you keep on," warned Wayne.

"She'll laugh afterwards," predicted Uncle Hiram gayly. "Very well, look at that."

He extended a photograph. It was that of an exquisite little home, a bungalow. And there was a pergola, and an automobile stood in the garden roadway.

"We'll go and see it tomorrow," announced Uncle Hiram. "I had my lawyer purchase it last week. Yours," he added to Vera.

"Mine?" she uttered breathlessly.

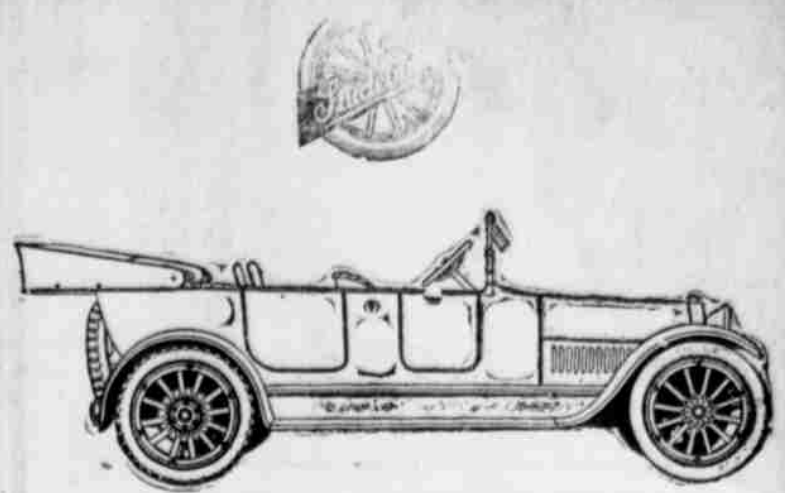
"And you can have your washing done, and my nephew may discontinue his barbarous proclivities, and—"

But Vera's arms were about his neck, and her kisses silenced the further explanation of the good old fellow, who had given them their heart's desire.

Eyeless Calf.

Stephensport, Ky.—Crofton Cashman has a calf on his farm with no eyes. It is three weeks old and is fat and playful, chasing chickens and pigs but has no eyes.

Tolliver Craig, claiming to be 110 years old, died in Gallatin county a few days ago.



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GOES ON ROAD.



Guy E. Barnett, of the jewelry firm of Blakey, Bass & Barnett, has accepted a traveling position with the Continental Jewelry Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, and will go on the road in a few days. The change is made for the benefit of his health, which threatens to become impaired from constant work at the bench.

Worst on Record.

Approximately 2,000 persons were killed or injured in a recent railroad accident near Chirurch, northern Rumania, according to a Moscow newspaper, as quoted by the Overseas Agency. Five hundred were instantly killed, according to this account. It asserts that the train jumped the tracks, and took fire, ammunition on the train exploded and a panic ensued. The train was carrying Rumanian refugees to Russia.

MRS. REED SHAW

Who Died In Memphis Buried Here Yesterday Morning.

Mrs. Augusta Harrison Shaw, wife of Reed Shaw, died in Memphis, Tenn., Saturday at 2:15 o'clock, aged 43 years. Two weeks ago she underwent an operation at the Lucy Brinkley Hospital and she was still at the hospital when death came. Mrs. Shaw was a daughter of Mrs. S. E. Harrison, of this city. Her mother was with her and returned with the body yesterday afternoon. The funeral was held yesterday morning at the Cumberland Presbyterian church, of which she was a member, by Rev. J. B. Eshman, assisted by Rev. Lewis Powell. The interment was in Riverside Cemetery.

She leaves one son, Reed Shaw, Jr., aged 17 years. Also one sister and three brothers survive her. A family reunion was held here Christmas at which Mrs. Shaw and all of the other members of the family met for the first time in several years.

HOUSEBREAKING AT CROFTON.

The storehouse of Burkholder Brothers, at Crofton, was entered by thieves Friday night and a lot of goods stolen, including a shotgun and a motorcycle. The latter was abandoned half a mile from the town. Seabee bloodhounds were sent for, but could not pick up the trail.

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